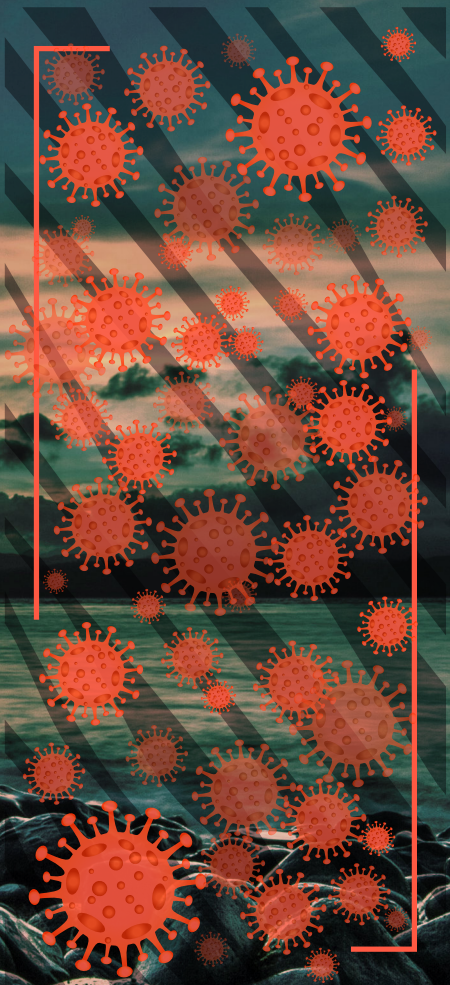

RAM KRISHNA SINGH

2022-2032 | INTERNATIONAL DECADE OF Indigenous Languages

COVID-19 AND SURGE OF SILENCE

KOVID-19 HEM SESSÍZLÍK TOLKÎNÎ

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Ram Krishna Singh
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Servind scriitorul, salvăm patrimoniul

Serving the writer, saving the heritage

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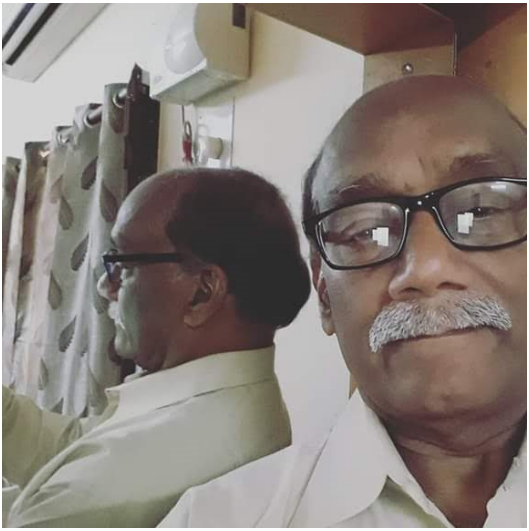

For my soul-mate of more than 42 years,

the source of my creativity and strength

dear Bulli

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The poet and the publisher are grateful to the editors of the following online and print journals that carried some of the poems, including individual haiku and tanka (or in linked form), presented here: The Haiku Foundation https://www.thehaikufoundation.org/2020/06/29/34332 ; AveViajera; http://www.aveviajera.org/nacionesunidasdelasletrasuniletras/id1202.html ; Bosphorus Review; Literary Yard; boloji.com; Tanka Origins; Better Than Starbucks; IRIS International Haiku Magazine; Bharath Vision; Life and Legends; Syndic Literary Journal; The Bamboo Hut; Creative Flight; Sybil Journal; Poetry Pea Journal of Haiku and Tanka; Petruska Nastamba; The Blōō Outlier Journal; Oddball Magazine, Asahi Haiku Network; Poetcrit; World Poets Quarterly; Rendition of International Poetry Quarterly; The Indian Journal of English Studies; Akshara, and Cyber Literature.

A couple of haiku and tanka have also been anthologized in Singing Moon Poetry: Covid Anthology,2020, Poetry in Quarantine (2020), Good Morning World (2020), Behind the Mask: Haiku in the Time of Covid-19 (2020), An Anthology of Modern Indian English Poetry (2020), and Golden Anthology of Poetry (2020).

PREFACE

Covid-19 lockdown has been a physically, mentally and emotionally challenging experience. Living in isolation in constant fear, suffering strict social and personal distancing, there has been a gradual rise of 'distrust' in *all* that was positive, self-regulating, and internally strengthening or uplifting. My silent reflections within, and observations without, exposed to me my personal, as well as socially larger, loss of hope and faith that embed spirituality.

I noticed the trend in my recent poetic expression and discovered that it was possible to develop a new collection of poems with a thread of *silence* and *distrust* running through it. It also seemed possible to do a long experimental haiku-tanka-haiku linked verse I had first attempted in *God Too Awaits Light* (Joshua Tree, CA: Cholla Needles, 2017). This is new, and I am glad The Haiku Foundation celebrated my 'Silence: A White Distrust' as Book of the Week on its forum.

I am indebted to my poet-editor-translator friend, Taner Murat, for his constant support to my creativity. He readily agreed to publish my new collection of poems with translation once again. Thank you dear brother.

R. K. Singh
31 December 2020

GREATNESS IN SIMPLICITY

I am honored to say a few words about a well –known researcher of India, an award-winning Indian English poet, Ram Krishna Singh.

The person who is keen on telling the truth all the time must be born with a clear mission. To express what most of us want to at any time, but we are not as brave as poets are, who never be hesitated in it. I am appreciated with Ram Krishna Singh's poetry, and thanks to him, the clearest picture of coronavirus is included in the list of historic literary works with his book "COVID-19 – Surge of Silence".

Ram Krishna Singh presents to your attention a new collection of his haiku- tanka -haiku poems that tells us a lot about not only wise nature of simple men, but also stupid attitudes of "the strongest players in politics" to everything that caused the big trouble to the whole world in present days.

As far as we can notice, due to big changes in minds of humanity during COVID -19 that do not let the world to see the difference between the truth and lie, in general.

Though we can find fewer words, more meanings in his poetical sayings, a reader can feel the brightness of his main philosophy – to find the lost features of a human in silence in every line hidden from the eyes. Though to overcome difficulties is not going to be easy, the poet tries to make people not to give up.

Despite the fact that, COVID-19 lockdown challenging experience made great influences on Life and Existence of humanity and any living creatures, men are able to gather thoughts for saving the world. Here we can name one of them, Ram Krishna Singh, the bravest man who "poaches in poetry to bare the sermons lost in nostalgia or insomnia of prayers".

So said, 25 short poems with the loud titles present thoughts on a man's loss of hope and belief in future, and the presence of wisdom helps to think next steps to work out drawbacks all together. Fear weakens people and virus kills them. So many dreams and wishes are vanished together with hundreds of victims of COVID-19. Desire to be kept alive is the only one wish of everyone in their everyday worships and prayers.

In addition to those smaller poems, another summarizing part of his work, an experimental long poem in a linked form "Silence: a white distrust" seems to be a strong judgment of a Man.

Ram Krishna Singh:

"with foreign sound
I couldn't be a lasting poem—
provisional body
nude smell and white distrust
play freedom in mounds of cloud"

In conclusion, I would strongly recommend you to choose this brilliant work by
Ram Krishna Singh "COVID-19 – Surge of Silence" for your pleasure and thoughtful reading.
Try to value the time of your existence in the Big World and stay a Man in spite of everything!

Bakhtygul MAKHANBETOVA
Almaty city, Kazakhstan
18 July 2021

WE HAVE THE CHANCE TO FORGET SUFFERINGS

In the time of covid, when human beings are all not only busy with self-avoidance, but also 'fugitives from themselves'; in the time when 'the prayers fail' and even 'a limping crow seeks fresh air' and there exists so much of death in all part of the world, it gives a little light into our hearts that poetry is not yet marginal in our lives.

Once and 'now cluttered with dreams,' people are looking into lightsome moments ahead more than ever. We all are tired of self-isolation, virtual gatherings and festivals, dreaming about and rocking in the cradles of our warmest memories of the past. "They don't hear the silent screams of millions," Ram Krishna Singh writes in deep despair. While being hostage to wounds, he calls us to "see the light of day," since "each day is a grace." Will those who find bliss in disaster always win?

"I hear the dead dying, angels groaning in the trees," the poet echoes, seeking shelter on trees. A big rescue and

everlasting hope are felt from his deep thoughts. Sometimes you feel hurt in your heart, at others you are ready to ridicule the life of your own…

if I die today
it won't matter to any—

A tiny splinter in the human tree, one of the worlds within world, it is so energizing to know that "I'm not alone!" Indeed, we are not alone in both distress and happiness. We can speak up, we can be silent, we can cry or laugh and still be happy "if we sow recovery seed" in our minds and souls!

I am glad my dear friend Taner Murat found good inspiration to resound R.K.Sing's beautiful poems in Tartar. There is no better collaboration between creative minds in these intriguing moments of our common life.

in the air
I expected romance—
corona
avoid her kiss
and breathing too

We still have the chance to seep the fragrance of flowers and uplift ourselves by remembering the bouquets we received. We have the chance to forget sufferings and realize that future also means light. It

also is a boon and being grateful for what we lived. I wish you good luck with your creative journey, my dear friends!

Azam Abidov
poet, Uzbekistan

ҲАЛИ АЗОБЛАРНИ МУМКИН УНУТМОҚ

Тожли вирус дунёга тар алиб, одамзот нафа ат узлатга кетган, балки ўз-ўзидан айро тушганча, тамоман очо а айланган, дуолари абул бўлмаётган, атто а шаган ар а ам тоза авога ичиккан, ўлим дегани олам аро неча-неча жонларни домига судраб-тортган бир паллада ам аётимизга шеъриятнинг асло бегона эмаслиги албу шууримизни ёритиб тургандай.

Бир пайтлар ва айни дамда орзулар-ла куймаланган инсонлар нурли-ёру ла заларга ар ачонгидан ам кўпро инти дирлар. Табиий, аммамиз ам узлатдан, виртуал учрашув ва байрамлардан толи анмиз, хаёлимиздаги ўтмиш кунларнинг ёр ин онлари, или хотиралар бешигида тебранишларгина бизни тутиб тургандай гўё. “Улар миллионларнинг сокин ич ири ини эшитмаслар” дея куйинади ам ичра Рам Кришна Синг бир шеърида. Гарчи асирликка ма кум эсак-да, у башариятни “ ар куннинг бир рўшнолиги борлигига”,

уни кўра олишга ундайди. Негаки, “ ар ато этилган айём бир иноятдир”. Кулфат ичинда ам бахтни топганлар амиша олиб бўлсалар, не ажаб?

“Гужумларда мурдаларнинг ма в бўлиши, малакларнинг ноласи уло имга чалинади”, дея ёз иради о очларни бошпана тутган шоир. Чу ур муло азаларидан юксак нажот ва абадий умид уч унлари таралади унинг. Сатрларни ў иркан, го албингизда о ри турса, го ўз аётингизни ўзингиз масхара ила бошлайсиз.

“Ўлсам,

Кимса бунга илмайди парво”,

ёзади у.

Башарий дарахтнинг митти зарраси, дунёлар ичра бир дунё сифатида “Ахир мен ёл из эмасман!”нинг маъносини туймо на адар ро атбахш! Дар а и ат, биз на клуфат ва на саодатда ёл измиз. Овозимизни баралла ўйишимиз, дод солиб кўз ёш тўкишимиз, а а а отишимиз баробарида онгимиз ва ру имизга “тетиклик уру ини сепсак”, демак али бахтли бўлишга имконимиз бор.

Камина дўстим Танер Мурат Р.К. Синг битикларини татар тилида сайратишга ил омланганидан ни оятда шод бўлдим. Чекимизга тушган аётнинг

бундай ажиб ла заларида икки ижодкорнинг ўзаро амкорликка киришувини фа ат ол ишламо лозим.

авода

Кутганим иш тоти –

Ю артож

четланур

ул ёрнинг бўсаси

нафаси

Яхшики, ачонлардир адя илишган чечакларнинг хушбўйини эслаб, ру у жонимизни бир карра кўтариб олишдай имконимиз бор. Шукурки, али у убатларни унутмо имиз ва эртамиз ёру бўлишини англамо имиз мумкин. Бу ам бир неъмат, ам ўтган умримиз учун шукроналик иссидир. Ижодий сафарингиз амиша баланд бўлсин, дўстларим!

Аъзам Обид

шоир, Ўзбекистон

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1

Haunted

A shadowed figure
sleeps in half-dark, face hidden
in blanket's colour
I grope its head, hair or feet
with bated breath remember
the Holy Ghost
to contain the post-midnight
murmur in mind:
I don't see the sleep-talk
my wife hates to suffer
and grandchildren fear
I don't let silence sleep
even if none hear
the disturbed spirit
growing wild to say
what I never say

Awlanîp kuwîlgan

Kólekelí bír yúz
yarî karañgîda yuklay betín ğaşîrîp
katlamanîñ renklerínde
onîñ başîn, şáşín ya da ayaklarîn sîypalap
nefes alîp akîlîma kele
Mukaddes Ruh
yarî keşeníñ soñrasîn íşíne alîp
akîlîmda kalgan túnkúldemesín:
men yukîsîndakî konîşkanîn kórmiymen
apakayîm şegíşmeden kaşar
torînlarîm da korkar
men sessízlíkní yukîlatmam
bírew eşítmese de
rahátsízlangan ruhnî
yaman darîlîp aytkanda
mením heşbírwakît aytmaganlarîmnî

2

It's My Time

How can I buy my best days
said to be ahead of me
by sowing a seed of
120 dollars?

I've hydraheaded truth too
to save from traitors who write
souvenirs for the guests
in Christ's kingdom silence aids
the dark web I survived
since 1976

"The land is yours for the taking!"
I've kept going despite the bumps
and rollercoaster ride

now is the time to shift the gears
change the direction of storm
receive the miracle
the divine fruit, and be Peter
to walk on the water

Bo Mením zamanîmdîr

120 dolarlîk
bír tuwum egíp
aldîmda tabîlgan dep aytîlgan
eñ yakşî kúnlerímní ka-típ satîp alîrman?

Men de múrekkep hakîykatnî akîlîmda tuttîm
katírler yazgan kîyanetçílerden saklamaga
mísápírlerge katírler
Isanîñ kîrallîgînda tînîşlîk yardîmî
karañgî awda saw kaldîm
1976 senesínden berítlí

„Ğerler síznínkí, alîñîz!"
men şalîştîrîp tuttîm ğol kambîrlî,
aylanîşlî hem taydîraklî bolsa da

şúndí hîznîñ tîşlî dóngeleklerín awuştîrmak zamanî keldí
boran yónelíşín deñíştíríp
múğizení kabletmek zamanî
Kuday ğemíşín kabletíp, evliya Peter bolîp
suw ústínde ğúrmek zamanî keldí

assures the prophet friend
it's my time now:
the yoke is easy
and the burden light

peygamber dostîm îṣandîrdî
endí mením wakîtîmdîr:
moyîndîrîk oñay
ğúk te ğeñgíldír

3

Energy Block

Frazzled and restless
bouts of anxiety
addiction, sleeplessness
spinal degeneration
pain in the neck and back
numbness in the legs
loss of teeth, libido
anal bleeding and what not

failure to stay focused
and dying desires to do
what I used to do
are not mere aging

things get hairy, scary
with body failure
ailments pop up
spirit dries up
mind disconnects

Enerğiya kesílmesí

Kawṣak hem tîñîṣsîz
kaygîlarga tutîlîp
alîṣkanlîk, yukîsîzlîk
omîrga súyegíníñ zayîplamasî
moyîn hem arka awurmasî
katîp kalgan ayaklar
tíṣsíz, hewessíz
kanamalar túpden, her yerden

dîkkatsîzlîk
yapkanlarîmnîñ
yapmak hewesíníñ kartaymadan
ólímí

herṣiy kîlli, korkînîṣlî boldî,
kewde ğetíṣsízlígí men
awuruwlar sekíríp barlîkka kele
ruh kurîdî
akîl baglantisi kesílíp kaldî

I'm hardly centered
to clean my age's turd
on inner chakras
meditate and forget
the memories' load
and die a new being

ózímní toplay-almayman
yaşîmnîñ kírín temízlemege
íşímdekí çakralarda
oylap unutîp
katírleríñ ğúgín
başka hayat bolîp ólírmen

4

Self-neglect

Meditation—
living long but failing
to live wide
says Seneca we are
fugitives from ourselves

the busyness
and weariness of now
they toss about
regulating their sleep
by one another's

love or hate
what others dictate
we get duped
our time lost, without
inner wholeness

Óz-ózín itibardan túṣírmek

Oylanuw –
uzun ómír yaṣamak, amma keñ yaṣamakta
baṣaruwsîz bolmak
Senekanîñ degenídiy bíz
óz-ózímízden kaṣkanlardanmîz

ṣúndí íṣlí bolîp
boṣ bolmak
aylanîp turîp
bírí-bírísíñ yukîsîn
tertíplerler

hoṣ ya da yaman kóríp
baṣkalarîñ buyurîgîn
aldanîp kalîrmîz
ğok bolgan zamanîmîzda,
íṣímízní totîra-almadan

5

Post-election

They don't hear
the silent screams of
millions

tired of misfortune
play games of convenience
innocent voters

sordid life--
nation's destiny
heaven-fed

Saylawdan soñ

Olar eṣítmezler
miliyonlarnîñ
tawuṣsîz kîṣkîruwlarîn

bahîtsîzlîktan yorîlîp
oñaylî oyînlar oynarlar
sábiy saylawğîlar

awur yaṣam –
ğennetten úmítlengen
milletníñ kaderí

6

Rot

Moon energy
fills up the inner space--
call to wake up

or be hostage to wounds
that don't autocorrect
astral faults

knitting the luck
amidst the waste gods spread
I smell the rot

Ṣírík

Ay enerğiyasî
íṣímízdekí keñlíkní totîra –
uyanuwga ṣakîruw

ya da óz yîldîzlarînda yañgîṣlarnî
hemen túzete-almagan
ğaralarîñ kefíllígínde kalîrsîñ

yîkpalnî óríp turganda
tañrîlarnîñ ğayragan ṣópleríñ arasîndan
murînîma ṣírík kokîsî kele

7

Anointment

Incense sticks
perfume the air around--
offering on altar

angels rejoice donors
feeling blessed despite havoc

see the light of day
God's goodness in present
his anointment now

Músleme

Hoṣ îtîrlî ṣópler
hawanî kokîlatîr –
kurbanlîk taktasînda

melekler bagîṣçîlarnî kuwandîrîp
tertípsízlíkke karṣî múbareklík sezdíreler

kún ğarîgîna karañîz
búgúnkí Kudaynîñ yakṣîlîgî
ṣúndígí múslemesínde

8

Aftermath

Between the mossy and thorned pathways
shadows slant. He trumps the press and praises PM
wisdom splashed in gonzo arguments
cocks the walk. Others too feel his sting but prefer
silence. They know the caged parrot's free
to shame seven decades of democracy groomed
differently. They know how weak they are
to stop the burning forest's ash from reddening
now aberrations clot in the mind
await Ram's hanging before the wounded converts
count the cries, lashes and piercings

Soñîș hesaplamasî

Șeneșkelí hem tíkenlí yollarîñ arasînda
kólekeler șóger. O gázatalarnî aldatîp baș-bakannî maktar
gonzo tartîșuwlarîndan pîșkîrgan hikmet
șalîmlar satar. Bașkalarî da onîñ osallîgîn sezíp sessíz kalmasîn
ústín tutalar. Olar kafestekí dudukușnî bașka túrlí karalgan yetmíș yîllîk demokrasiyanî ayîplamaga
azat ekenín bíleler. Olarnîñ kaberíler ne kadar kúșsíz ekenlerínden
ğanîp turgan orman kúlín kîzarmasîn toktatmaga
șúndí akîlda bîzîklîklar uyîp

diniy kaytarîlmasîndan ewel Ramnîñ asîlmasîn beklep
kîșkîruwlarîn, kamșîlarîn hem saplamalarîn sayalar

9

Dream

I watch the past crushed
and fake saints raising to reign

exalt cunningness
envision deceit to prosper

a ram rigs the folk
with iron teeth and speaking horns

from the Ganga's bank
immigrant hope and waiting

pushes west-, north-, east-
and southward for net-breaking

new resurrection
beyond the brimming nowhere

I hear the dead dying
angels groaning in the trees

Túṣ

Men ótmíṣíñ ezílíp yalanğî evliyalarîñ kóterílgeníne
karap turaman, idarege ṣîkkanlarîna

kurnazlîknî yúkseltkenleríne
aldatîp kazanganlarîna

kalîknî bír koṣkar túrtep dagîtîr
temír tíṣlí hem konîṣkan múyúzlí

Ganj suwîñ kenarîndan
kóṣebelerîñ umutî man beklemesí

kúnbatarga, sîrtka, kúntuwarga
hem kúneṣ betke itep awnî koparağak bolîp

ğañî tírílíṣ
heṣbír yerníñ obír yagînda

ólgenlerîñ ólgenín eṣítemen
tereklerde îñgîragan meleklerní

my unscarred body
feels the hand that's blade and guard

ends me like full-stop.
new waves of terror rise high.

the book is opened
but where is the seeing eye?

sîzîksîz beden tením
hem pîṣak, hem koruwğî kolnî tuyar

hayatîmnî bírtamam túkete.
ğañî korkînîṣ dalgalarî kóteríle.

kitap aṣîktîr
amma kóreğek kózl kayda?

10

But What If...

Unable to endure
ancient load on the psyche
I cry in sleep that visits
like a guest and leaves fast
she says my loudness disturbs
she can't sleep even in next room

I must seek divine relief
to sleep well pacify
the rogue planets for hungry
spirits of the forefathers

she says she hates my mind
horror movies...deviant
chakras make me see the whole night

I yield to her pressure
and let them offer *puja*
to feed the restless spirits
but what if the left-overs
keep howling and help none?

Amma eger...

Tóze-almadan
kadmiy ğúkní míyínímde
yukîmda ğîlap ğoklarman
ṣalt kelíp ketken bít mísapír kibí

mením kîṣkîruwlarîm onî ráhátsíz ete eken
o koñṣî bólmede de yuklay almay eken

mením Allahtan yardîm tílemem kerek
yakṣî-yakṣî yuklatmaga
ṣo yalanğî siyarrelerní analarîñ-babalarîñ
aṣ ruhlarî úṣún

o mením akîlîmnî yaman kóre eken
korkînṣ filmler... ğoldan ṣîkkan
çakralar maga bútún keṣe kórsete

men onîñ baskîsîna teslím bolîp
olarga puja teklif ettíremen
tîñîṣsîz ruhlarîna ğem berip
amma eger kalgan ṣópler
bírewge yaramadan ulup tursa?

11

No One Sees

So much lived life
more life with life
and so much of death

yet undefined
sleeping dawn
lonely dusk
and dark spirits

forgetting to leave
my living room
now cluttered with dreams
no one sees

Bírew kórmegen

Bek kóp súrgen ómír
ómír men de fazla ómírler
hem fazla ólímler

amma belgílenmegen
yuklagan tañlar
yañgîz karañgîlar
hem kara ruhlar

kaytîp ketmesín unutîp
mením hayat bólmemden
ke ṣúndí bírew kórmegen
túṣlerge tolîp kalgan

12

Weird Chains

They invent new lies with periodical distractions
repeat falsehood till truth turns doubtful
teach generations the ways of hating
the porn of discriminating, dividing, killing
the innocents that love their neighbours
value diversity, equality and peace
shunning the weird chains that lock the sun for roots to grow

Kuğurlî sîngîrlar

Olar zaman-zaman dîkkatîmîznî başka yerge ğónetken
ğañî yalanlar oylap tabalar
dogrîlîk şúphege túşkenşík yalanlarnî tekrarlaylar
ewlatlarga yamanlîknîñ ğollarîn úyreteler
ayîruw pornografiyasîn úyreteler, bólíp, óltíríp
koñşîlarîn súygen sábiylerní
turlílíkke, tegízlíkke hem tîñîşlîkka kîymet bergenlerní
tamîrlarnî óstírgen
kúneşní kapatkan kuğurlî şînğîrlarnî kabletmegenlerní

13

Against the Waves

The crowded lift and emptiness of the flat
doesn't help me resurrect what's gone

late at night, I may pile hopes on a pale paper
trying to invent a new life to live with

end up seized by pain trolling in the shady light
double bed, blank mirror, and still greyer dawn

the pillow hurts, the image derides, the prayers fail
the roaring inside, the ghostly silence

and unfading darkness. I'm no Odysseus
but keep straying against the waves

Tolkînlarnîñ arasînda

Kalabalîk lift men katnîñ boṣlîgî
maga ketkenlerní tíríltmege yardîm etmiy

keṣeníñ keṣ máhálínde, alsuw káátke umut ğîyîp
yaṣayğak ğañî bír hayat oylap tapmaga tîrîṣîp

kólekelí ğarîkta ğeteklengen awuruwga tutîlîrman
ekí kíṣílík ğatak, boṣ ayna hem bozarîp kalgan tañ

yastîk awurta, suret mîskîllay, duwalar yardîm etmiy,
íṣímde kîṣkîruw, hayaliy tînîṣlîk,

hem túkenmez karañgîlîk. Men Odisew tuwulman
amma tolkînlarnîñ arasînda adaṣîp turaman

14

Prayers

I don't know where it goes to or piles up
but grief is a large storage corrupting moments
of soft arousal: the body fails the mind
the screaming in the head and the grunt around
continue the night's drunken flow
into the morning's miserable brush
with the wheel's slant truth and slangs
I poach in poetry to bear the sermons
lost in nostalgia or
insomnia of prayers

Duwalar

Onîñ ka-yerge barganîn ya da ğîyîlganîn bílmem
lákin kaygî keñ bír ambardîr, o saklap bîzar
gîmṣak uyanuw anlarîn: kewde akîlnî bîzar
baṣîmdakî kîṣkîruwlar man her yagîmdakî mîrîldamalar
keṣeníñ sarhîṣ agîmîn dewamîdîr
sabanîñ dewletsíz purṣîlaṣmasîna
tegerṣíklerníñ kîyîṣ hakîykatî man hem jargonlarî man
men moñlîlîknîñ
hem yukîsîzlîknîñ íṣínde kayîp bolgan
duwalarîmnîñ yardîmîna
manzúmeler awlap turaman

15

Quarantined

The deity may hear
or not hear the loud praise
and silent sighs
the temple dust is not free
from the virus in the air

devotees carry
without God's wish suffer
sins not committed:
quarantined in hospital
alone for fourteen days

Karantin astînda

Tañrîlar ya eṣítír,
ya eṣítmez yúksek seslí maktawlarnî
ya da sessíz solîṣlarnî
virussîz tuwuldîr
ibadetkaneníñ tozlarî

ke dindarlar taṣîp
ṣegerler Alla emir bermeden
yapîlmagan gúnalar:
kastanelerde karantin astînda
onbeṣ kúnlík ğañgîzîk

16

COVID-19

Punitive
corona virus-
lépreuse
some say it's an invasion
the barbarian without

quarantined
I clear my throat
behind the face mask
breathe in unknown viruses
suffer new repressions

now lockdown
cut off life:
castration
Hugo said monasticism
resisting death

KOVID-19

Ğezalandîruwğî
koronavirus –
pes
bazîlarî bo bír baskînğîlîk dep aytîṣalar
bír wahṣiylík

karantin astînda
bogazîmnî keríp
awuzlîknîñ artînda
belgísíz viruslar íṣíme tartîp
ğañî
baskîlar geṣíremen

ṣúndí kapalî kalmak
yaṣawnîñ ğok boluwîdîr:
kîsîrlaṣtîruw
Hugonîñ aytkanîday terk-í dúniya
ólímge tíreníp karṣî turmaktîr

17

Naw Ruz

The sun and cool breeze
betray no virus:
the house arrest sickens
the fear kills the spring

this Naw Ruz alters
the meaning of life
buried in years that gibe
political follies

fanatic ambitions
and culture of suicide
they call evolution
progress, peace, unity

ruining harmony
in nature's home fuel
no re-creation
but perpetual death

Nawrez

Kúneṣ men salkîn ğel
viruslarga karṣî turmaz:
úyde kapalî kalmak kastalatîr
bahární korkî óltírír

bo Nawrez deñíṣtíre
yaṣamnîñ añlamîn
añlamsîz siyasetní mîskîllagan
yîllarnîñ astînda kómúwlí kalîp

añlamsîz ístekler men
ózí-ózíne zarar etmek medeniyetí
olar boga tekámúl dep aytarlar,
aldga ketúw, tîñîṣlîk, bírlík

tuwanîñ úyínde ğagayîtnîñ
uyîmîn bîzîp
ğañî yartmalar yoktîr
sáde meñgí ólím

18

New Gods

Meditation—
future uncertainties
beyond crisis

new strains, new virus
villains of the new order
peeking from windows

create new mantras
for life to continue
envision new gods

Ğañî tañrîlar

Oylanuw –
keleğektekí belgísízlíkler
kîtlîgîñ tîṣînda

ğañî kerkínlíkler, ğañî tertípníñ
ğañî virus yawuzlarî
penğírelerden karap

ğañî mantralar yaratalar
ke hayat toktamadan
kózníñ aldîna
ğañî tañrîlar ketírsín

19

Before the Mirror

Stand naked
before the mirror
see changes
from top to toe
a tragic tale:

loosened muscles
stretch marks on the knees
varicose veins
and a long journey
from eyes to the anus

itching, bleeding
swelling, aching and
degenerating
with fears in the restroom
bedroom, car, airplane

Ayna aldînda

Ğalañaș turîp
ayna aldînda
kóremen deñíșken șiylerní
baștan ayakkașîk
kaygîlî bír masal:

ğîmșagan etler
tízlerímde șatlaklar
morargan tamîrlar
uzun bír ğol da
kózlerímden anuska kadar

kîșîmalar, kanamalar,
șíșmeler, awuruwlar hem
korkî íșínde
bîzîlîșlar hayatkanede,
íșkerde, mașinada, tayyarede

the virus haunts
from tummy to temple
issues have me
coming and going
yoga or no yoga

it's not aging
but undying sensations
feelings I peel
to stay synced with energies
that play not with one but two

to define love
rescue the self and other
make room for truth
far from the fetishes
in the maze of mad pursuits

virus mením artîmdan kuwîp kelír
karîndan ibatekanegeșík
zorlîklar bașîmdadîr
kelíp keterler
yogalî-yogasîz

bo kartlîk tuwuldîr
lákin sónmez hissler
tazarlagan tuygîlarîm
bírísí men tuwul, ekísí men oynagan
enerğiya man ayak uydîrmaga

súygíní anîklamaga
ózímní hem başkalarîn kurtarmaga
hakîykatka ğer berip
fetişlerden uzak
delí ízlemeleríñ labirintínde

20

Flood

Women and children
crossing the flooded huts
with aluminum
cooking pots, plastic cans
and remains of provisions
seek shelter on trees
none know when these too will
collapse and drift down the stream
like the living space
with men in underwear

Taşkîn

Apakaylar man balalar
suw baskan şalaşlarnîñ katîndan geşeler
taşîp aluminden
yemek sawutlarî, pílastik meşerpelerí
hem kalgan aşayît
tereklerde sîyînmaga karaylar
bírew bílmiy bolarnî da kaşan
sel koparîp alağagîn
tek îştan kíygen insanga tolî
bír yaşam miydanî kibí

21

Gospel

Don't question the lips
that wilt the tongue
licking wetness in the mouth

the mystery of delight
prophecy of the birth
by salty swallowing

make new parables
with face mask surviving
one more gospel

Yakşî kaber

Awuz suwîn ğalap
tílní kurîtkan
erínlerden soramañîz

zewuk sîrî
tuwma tîlsîmî
tuzlî ğutîmlar man

ğañî masallar yaratîñîz
awuzlîgîñîz man tírí kalîp
başka bír yakşî kaber

22

Insomnia

My brain forgets to clean toxins
create and store memories
refresh my being and bliss
by morning the sun pronounces
my time is running out fast
there's no magic elixir
for sleep that revives before rest

Yukîsîzlîk

Menim míyím unuttî toksinlerní tazartmaga
katíreler yaratîp saklamaga
barlîgîmnî, zewukîmnî ğañartmaga
sabaga karşî kúneş ilan eter
menim zamanîm şalt geşer
ráhátlenmeden ğanlandîrgan yukîga
tîlsîmlî ilaj yoktîr

23

Ghetto

I feel the yellow leaves with the day's silence in their stare
the ghetto uncovers what they try to conceal—
feeling stuck, a little 'off', or foggy
in the sameness of everyday celebrating
no sex, no travel, no drinks, no books but black smoke
dust and emptiness of years they're unsure about
here each one sounds too profound, perching for a new life
between the parentheses ending up
a kit snapped and strayed into a bush

Getto

Men olarnîñ kózlerínde kúnníñ sessízlígí me sari yapraklarnî tuyarman
olarnîñ ğaṣîrağak bolganlarîn getto miydanga ṣîgarîr –
sîgîṣîp kalgandayman, bíraz „kapalî", bíraz tumalî
kúndelík bírdiy bayramlaṣmalarînda
ğinsiyetsíz, siyahatsîz, íṣkísíz, kitapsîz, sáde kara tumanlî,
tozgan, hem îṣanîlmaz yîllarnîñ boṣlîgînda
bútún sesler kayet derendír, ğañî bír yaṣamnîñ ústíne konîp
ekí kaṣîk iṣaretíníñ arasînda
ğîrtîlîp hem adaṣîp kalîp

24

Test

Lonely December
aren't I immune?

antibody test
before boarding

uncertainty continues
no silence helps

virus more mighty
than God in politics

don't know if I can meet
children before the year-end

to celebrate birthday
or continue journey

in flurry living
each day a grace

Deneme

Ğañgîz Toksanğel ayî
tokînîlmazlîgîm yok mî!

míneğekte
viruskakarşî denemesí

belgísízlík dewam ete
sessízlík fayda etmez

siyasette virus
Allahtan da balaban

yîlnîñ soñîna kadar
balalarîmnî kóre alîr ekenmen mí

tuwgan kúnímní kayîrlamaga
ya da seferíme dewam etmege

ağelelí hayatîmda
her kún merhamettír

25

Third Wave

I don't recognize
the bright new star in the sky:
a beacon of hope
they say a new age begins
on earth the virus mutates

scaring millions
post-Christmas repeat events
no vaccination
could change astro-calendar
of universal revenge

remains of prayer
now wrapped in a gift box, held up
shipping delays
no burial, no third day
total lockdown, here and there

Úṣíngǐ tolkîn

Men tanîmam
kókte garîklagan ğañî yîldîznî:
bír umut ğarîkkulasî
ğañî bír asîr baṣlayatîr dep aytalar
amma dúniyada virus deñíṣe bere

miliyonlarğanî korkizdîrîp
Noel tuwîṣîndan soñra bírtaa yapîlgan kóríṣmeler
heṣbír iyneleme
deñíṣtíre-almaz
evrenníñ oṣ aluwî yîldîz-sáátín

duwa kalîntîlarî
ṣúndí bakṣîṣ kutîgîna oralîp
keṣíktírílíp ğetkízdírílmez
ğenazeler kómílmez, ádetler yapîlmaz
ánda da, mínda da umumiy kílítlenme

26

Silence: A White Distrust

An experimental poem in linked form

ever evading
happiness for the now—
unfinished song

moonless
this November night
livelier with stars
and breathing silence
perfumed with night queen

still lingers
her scent on the linens
drying in shade

half painting
palette and easel
collect dust
in the studio
painted silence of mother

Sessízlík: ak îṣanuwsîzlîk

Baylangan ṣekílde bír deneme ṣiir

herwakît kaṣkan
ṣúndílík kuwanîṣ –
tekmíllenmegen ğîr

aysîz
bo kasîm ayî
yîldîzlarî man ğanlanîr
hem keṣe hanîmî man kokîlî
sessízlíkní íṣíne tartar

kene bellí bola
onîñ kokîsî
kólekede kurîgan çarṣaplarda

yarî boyalangan resím
paleta man ṣevalet
toz toplar
ṣalîṣma odasînda
ana sessízlígíñ resímí

lemon tea—
shade of her lipstick
on my lip

last night's rain
paves way for a clear sky
this morning
the breeze is cool and the sun
adds a new hue to the spring

filling emptiness
waves dance over each other—
the sky meets the sea

life is beautiful
when you enter another
body…mind
and become one
in each other

limonlî çay –
onîñ erín boyasîñ kólekesí
mením erínímde

keṣe ğawunî
aṣîk bír kók yúzíne ğol aṣar
bo saba
salkîn ğel men kúneṣ
báhárge ğañî bír renk koṣar

boṣlîknî toltîrîp
dalgalar úst-ústíne oynarlar –
kókler deñíz men tabîṣîr

hayat gúzeldír
baṣka kewdeníñ, akîlnîñ
íṣíne kíríp
bírí-bírísí men
bírleṣkende

closed eyes:
smelling the cleavage
crescent wanes

her name
a soothing music
in the mouth:
I forget the pain in my back
I seek the sky in silence

zipping her back—
hundreds of nights grow wings
with wasp touch

intruding
the darkness of the bedroom
a tree's silhouette:
she whispers its masked presence
and says no to making love

ğumîk kózler:
ayîrîlîşnîñ kokîsîn alîp
ay azayîr

onîñ atî
tînîşlandîruwğî bír hawadîr
mením awuzîmda:
arkamdakî awuruwnî unutîp
sessíz kalîp kók yúzín kîdîrarman

arkasîn túymelegende –
yúzlerğe keşe kanat aşar
inğe balşîbînga tiygende

ğatak odasîñ karañgîlîgîna
bír terekníñ kólekesí
kírgende:
yúzí kapalî şo barlîgîñ barîn şîbîrdap
súyíşmege razî bolmaz

brightness of the star
half-closed bedroom window:
moon shies away

waking to a morning
tainted with prayers
on the toilet seat
nude nature waves a dull sun
smitten by the night's long eclipse

moon energy
fills up the inner space—
call to wake up

the busyness
and weariness of now
they toss about
regulating their sleep
by one another's

yîldîzlarnîñ ğarîklîgî
yarî-kapalî ísker penğíresí:
ay kaṣayatîr

erten men uyanîp
duwalar man bîlaṣîp
abdeskananîñ otîragînda
keṣeníñ uzun karañgîlîgîna tutîlgan
ṣîpalak tuwa kólekelí bír kúneṣ dalgalandîrîr

ay enerğiyasî
íṣ boṣlîgîn toltîrar –
uyanuwga ṣakîruw

ṣalîṣuw man
ṣúndígí yorgînlîk
kuwalaṣîp
bírí-bírísín yukîsîn
tertípliyler

stain-dried lingerie
reminds of the night's act—
flowers of lips

the smallness of the small
no sharing half-chewed betel—
mischievous whisper
in bed fuzzy sensation
ruddy lips that's no love

I didn't want to stare
her derriere lacks
definition

uninviting bed--
winter's conspiracy
my solipsism
in the dark
silent rejection

tamgalî íṣ ṣamaṣîrî
geṣken keṣeníñ ṣahitlerídír –
erín ṣeṣeklerí

kíṣkenelerníñ eñ kíṣkenesí
yarî-ṣaynalgan betel yapraklarîn bólíṣmez –
bîzîk ṣîbîrdamalar
tóṣekte bîzîk hissler
muhabbetsíz kîzîl erínler

karagîm kelmedí
onîñ art yagî
bellí tuwuldîr

ṣakîrmagan tóṣek
kîṣ fitnesí
mením sádemenlígím
karañgîlîkta
sessíz kabletmemek

pandemic:
bullying before vaccine
the November wave

things get hairy, scary
with body failure
ailments pop up
spirit dries up
mind disconnects

hesitating
to take the first step through—
stands at the door

unhappy
with how I look and
feel right now
seek a best version
and just look within

pandemiya:
iyneden ewel kagîṣ
kasîm dalgasî

ísler korkînîslî bolayatîr
kewde yetístíre-almay
kastalîklar sîga-bere
ğan kurîp kala
akîl kesíle

tartîlîp turaman
síptí adîmlarîmnî ata-almadan –
kapî aldînda kalîp

bakîtsîz
sûndígí kórínísímden
hem sezgenlerímden
eñ yakṣî kalîpnî karap
ísíne bír kóz ataman

silk silence
the sky measures
new cup of joy

in the white of night
sighs for supreme delight
steal tender pleasure
manipulating wetness
in bed unmask simple sin

white moon
shadowless—
folding laundry

my vests couldn't dry
on the clothesline today
the rain's music
turns different from the sun's
I hear the hum in my hair

yúpek sessízlígí
kók ólṣer
ğañî kuwanîṣ pílğanî

keṣeníñ aklîgînda
úyken zewuk úṣún íṣ tartîp
inğe zewuk kîrsîzlîgî
kaytîklîknî kollap
tóṣekte gúna yúzí aṣîlîr

ak ay
kólgesíz –
ṣamaṣîr búkler

mením yeleklerím kurîmadî
búgún ṣamaṣîr telínde
ğawunnîñ muzikasî
kúneṣíñkísínden ayîrîdîr
ṣáṣlerímde bîzîldamasîn eṣítemen

sunset--
smoke and mirror
muddy path

eyes on the screen
flickering images:
bitter tea
Trump, Modi, Xi Jinping
need for rescue measures

on the terrace
facing the sun
an empty chair

November morning--
too many thorns to reach
the only rose
and the tormenting thought
that I am forsaken

kún batîṣî –
tuman man ayna
ṣamîrlî ğol

kózler ekranda
ğîltîrawuk resímler
aṣṣî çay
Trump, Modi, Xi Jimping
kutaruw ṣáreleríñ kerekmesí

terasada
kúneṣke karagan
boṣ bír ískembe

kasîm sabasî –
bek kóp tegenekten geṣmek kerek
tek bír gúl
hem azap ṣektírgen oyîm
mení taṣlap ketkení úṣún

stunted bud
in the earthen pot—
winter sun

choking air
in a walled colony:
two tired pigeons
perch on the overhead tank
whisper pity on us

a robin whispers
our talk in bed last night—
another bird

light switched off
love sliding on
windowpane
moon too shies away
behind the bare tree

abdîrgan tomîrṣîk
toprak ṣólmegínde –
kîṣ kúneṣí

buwuwğî hawa
duwarlarnîñ arasînda:
ekí yorgîn kógerṣín
saka kenarîna konîp
bízní ağîp uwuldaylar

bír kîzîlbaṣ kuṣî ṣîbîrdap sayrar
bízím tínewún akṣam tóṣektekí konîṣmamîznî –
baṣka bír kuṣ

ğarîk sóngen
súygí tayar
penğíreden
ay saklanîr
ṣîpalak terekníñ arkasînda

parking lot:
stolen truck
for a quickie

frozen
in the icy wind
my fingers
she fears the chill
on her cheeks

removing her veil
the doctor holds his breath—
gentle touch

if I die today
it won't matter to any—
I have no worth
they all care for themselves
search nearest in curved space

maşinalar toktalîşî:
kîrslangan ğúk maşinasî
şalt bír oyîn úşún

toñîp kalgan
bîzlak ğelde
parmaklarîm
o betí bîzlar dep
korkar

yúz órtísín aşîp
doctor solîşîn tutar –
ğuwaş tiyúw

eger búgún ólíp ketsem
bírew ğanmaz –
heş kîymetím yok
herkez ózíníñ şáresín karay
kîsîk keñíşlíkten eñ yakîn ğerní kîdîrîp

sky's dark patches—
I live with earth's rhythm
liberation

a couple of drinks
and soft music to forget
the year's hard days
now welcome the new morning
bid goodbye to the factious party

the darkness of the heart
bouts of quiet clashes:
midnight oracle

visit Vinayak
each day new prayers inside
years old faces
at the threshold hit their heads
the dumb deity stays unmoved

kókyúzínde kara tamgalar –
men ğer sesíne ayak uydîrîp ómír súremen
azatlîk

bír-ekí íṣkí men
unuttîrgan ğuwaṣ muzika
yîlnîñ zor kúnlerí
ṣúndí ğañî tañnî karṣîlap selamlay
uyîmsîz ğîyîndan ayîrîlîp

ğúrek karañgîlîgî
tînîṣlîkka wurîla –
keṣe yarîsî sesí

Vinayakka baruw
Íṣínde hergún baṣka duwalar
yaṣlî yúzler
bosagada baṣ wurîṣalar
tílsíz tañrîlar kîbîrdamay

journeying
on a late-running train
squirrels frisk near track

I thought I've found
my way in the sea swimming
untired, traveling
from far off a wave
sweeps me away

visiting home—
shadows of forgotten days
on the wall

spider's network
between two photo frames
bridge or bury
sensations no longer
spurt action in silence

ğolṣîlîk
keṣe tírenínde
temír ğolîna yaklaṣkan karçîklar

deñízde ğaldap ğolîmnî
taptîm dep zanete edím
yorîlmadan, kîdîrîp
uzaklardan bír dalga
mení wurîp sîpîrar

úyge kaytîp baruw –
unutîlgan kúnlerníñ kólekesí
duwarda

órímğek awî
ekí resímníñ arasînda
ya kópír, ya kómúw
sezúwler endíden soñ
sessíz kalmaz

on the terrace
facing the sun
an empty chair

black pigeons
sitting in a row
parapet
cracked for seeds to die
before they fly back

cease growing
new lines on the palms:
broken bangles[1]

I'm not alone
waking up in the grave—
angels await
my rise to eternity
my love's union again

[1] indicates widowhood in India

terasada
kúneṣke karagan
boṣ bír ískembe

kara kógerṣínler
sîralanîp turar
parmaklîkta
ṣegírdek ğaralar
uṣîp kaytmazdan ewel

ósmiy kaldî
baṣka el burîṣîklarî:
sîngan bílezíkler[2]

ğañgîz tuwulman
mezarîmda kóz aṣkanda –
melekler beklep turar
ebediyetke yúkselmemní
súygí men bírtaa bíleṣmemní

[2] Hindistanda tul apakaynîñ tamgasî

noise of crackers
monotony of light
Diwali

4 a.m.
a noisy start to
Chhat puja[3]:
blaring songs from neighbourhood
sweet smell of frying from kitchen

incense sticks
perfume the air around—
offering on altar

end of May—
scorching heat follows
rain and hail
before *iftaar* this Friday
prayer promises bliss

[3] a post-Diwali worship of the sun with 48-hours fasting, especially in Bihar, but now celebrated in many of the states in India

patlamalar
ğarîknîñ bíteklígí
Diwali

saba sáátí dórt
dawuṣlî-dawuṣlî baṣlar
Çhat puja[4]:
máhállede ğîrlar ṣîñlar
aṣkanadan tatlî kîzartmalar kokîsî ṣîgar

tútegen ṣibiklar
alay yerge hoṣ kokîlar atar –
ibadetkanaga kurbanlîk

Mayîs aynîñ akîrî
kawuruwğî íssí kúnler kelír
ğawun man buran artîndan
bo Ğuma iptardan ewel
kîlgan duwamîz bakît sózí bere

[4] eskí kúnlerde kóbísí Bihar memleketínde tutîla eken, amma búgún Hindistannîñ bírkóp yagînda kutlangan, Diwali bayramîndan soñra kúneṣ úṣún tutîlgan 48 sáátlík oraza

Easter Sunday—
bloodstains stick on the cross
more bomb blasts

wearied winter
each night bed a living grave:
drying breathing passage
and lonely shadows
delaying disaster

dirt conscious
everyday struggle:
rising up

too small to explore
the sea of the unknown:
island existence
breathing hell of darkness
dreading hungry excursions

Paska Pazarî –
kan tamgalarî ğabîṣîp kalgan haçka
baṣka bombalar patlay

yorgîn kîṣ
her keṣe tóṣekte tíri bír mezar:
kurîgan solîṣ ğolî
hem ğañgîz kólgeler
felaketní keṣíktírer

kírden kaberlí
kúndelík kúreṣí:
yúkselíṣ

bek kíṣkene teṣkermege
belgísíz deñízní:
ada barlîgî
karañgî ğehennemní íke tartîp
kîdîruw túṣlerí kóremen

cleaning the remains
of burnt-out earthen lamps—
dusky temple yard

source of salvation
depository of sins
no cake cutting
in church promise of reaping
if we sow recovery seed

aching legs—
nightly tension crowns
moon sickness

an island
between the head and fate lines
bridges black hole
in life's labyrinth shadows
move always ahead of me

ğangan toprak lámbalarîndan
kalganlarnî temízlep –
karañgî ibadetkana azbarî

kutîlîṣ ṣiganagî
gúna ambary
tatlî tort kesílmez
ğîyîuw sózí bergen kílsede
eger sawlîk tokîmîn sebíp eksek

awurîgan ayaklar –
keṣe kergíní tajlanîr
ay awurîmasî

bír ada
mañlay man kader burîṣîklarnîñ arasînda
kóprí bolîp kara teṣíkke
ómírníñ labirint kólekelerí
herzaman mením aldîmda ğúrerler

after the discourse
beer and biryani in lunch—
Happy Drinksgiving

earthy body
and nights of silence
fear in mirror
return to the river
echoing hollowed sound

long waiting
short consultation—
ophthalmologist

morning smog—
an asthmatic with grandson
coughing restlessly
on the terrace even
a limping crow seeks fresh air

nutîktan soñ
úyle yemegínde bira man biriyaniy –
Kayîrlî Íṣkí Bayramî

toprak kewdesí men
sessíz keṣeler
kúzgídekí korkî
ózenge kaytîp
boṣ awaznî kaytarar

fazla beklew
kîska kórúw –
kóz doktorî

saba tumanî –
bír nefes kastasî torînî man
toktamadan ğútkíríp
terasada
bír topal sîyîr da temíz hawa karar

she stoops down
writes her name on the sand
waves return

dark alleys
chaos on the road
fear delays
homeward move at nine
lumpens lie in wait

in the street corner
breeding maggots and vermin:
abandoned father

the wounds exit
the pain of truth lingers
under my sky
savage head battles for
vacuity, a victim

o eñkíyíp
kumnîñ ústíne atîn yazdî
dalgalar kaytîp keldí

karañgî aralîklar
ğolda tertípsízlík
keṣíkme korkîlarî
sáát dokîzda úyge kaytuw
súrgúnlíler ğatîp beklep turar

sokak kóṣesínde
kurt man bit asîrap
taṣlap ketílgen bír baba

ğaralar ṣîgar
dogrîlîk awurîwî kalîr
mením kókyúzím astînda
wahṣiy baṣ sogîṣlarî
fíkírsízlík úṣún, bír kurban

Good Friday
clouds and wind without rain:
boasts of giving

full blue moon—
divine channel from heavens
illuminating
arrival of Easter Sunday
and April, the angel month

full moon puja
knees not bending for years
blames her husband

before retiring
swallow pills to mitigate
her hackles
that walk me through to death
of desire for love in bed

Kayîrlî Ğuma
bulut man ğel bar, ğawun yok:
merhamet maktawî

bo aynîñ ekínğí tolînayî –
kókten kelgen Allah borîsî
aydînlatuwğî
Paska Pazar kúníñ yakînlamasî man
meleklerníñ ayî

tolînay namazî
senelerğe seğde yapmagan tízler
kabahatnî koğasîna atar

tóṣekke barağakta
ilájler alîr
arka awurîwî úṣún
ke mením tóṣek heweslerím
kesíp óltírer

pre-monsoon ramble
wilderness in harmony—
worlds within world

hail stones
lashing mango florets
my car too:
I fear thunder squall and rain
leaking roof and wetting bed

wild sugarcane
no animals savour
ageing monsoon

fish swim
weeds disheveled
silent lake
I inhale
the city's garbage

musondan ewel kîdîruw
uyîm íṣínde tertípsízlík –
dúniya íṣínde dúniyalar

burṣak taṣlarî
aṣîlayatîrgan mango ṣeṣeklerí
mením arabam da:
korkarman ğawundan-borandan
akkan tawandan, kaytîk ğataktan

ṣeker ğîr-kamîṣî
aṣagan haywanlar yok
muson kartayatîr

balîklar ğaldar
parṣalangan otlar
sessíz kól
íṣíme tartarman
kalanîñ ṣóplík kokîsîn

sudden downpour--
even in sleep I worry
about the virus

secret faces
unmask in sleep I see
signals through holes
that hide the heat of birth
through printed rag in clods

a long golden net
surges on the ocean tide—
fishing memories

two-wheelers
running on footpaths
all roads blocked
for pedestrians no way
in Bangalore living hell

kopkan ğawun –
túṣímde de kahár-etemen
virus meselesínden

yúz perdesín atkan
ğaṣîrîlgan yúzler kóremen yukîmda
teṣíklerden kaber beríp
tuwum ğîllîsîn ğaṣîrîp
basîlgan túyímlí paṣawralarnîñ íṣínde

uzun bír altîn aw
kóterílgen deriyanîñ dalgalarî –
balîk tutmak katírlerí

ekí tegerṣíklí
ğuwura ayak ízleklerden
bútún ğollar kapalî
ğayawlarga ṣáresízlík
Bangaloreníñ tírí ğehennemínde

near her eyes
signs of crow's feet:
slaps of cold water

in the air
I expected romance—
corona
avoid her kiss
and breathing too

with spring comes
burial of romance:
COVID-19

summer solstice
solar eclipse at peak
no ring of fire
viruses in making
chant mantras for living

onîñ kózíleríníñ katînda
karga ayagî tamgasî:
salkîn suw sepmesí

hawada
ğukağúreklík bekiy edím –
korona
onîñ obíṣínden tartîlîp
solîṣîndan saklandîm

báhár kelgende
ğukağúreklík te ğîyîlîp kómíle:
KOVID-19

ğaznîñ kúnkaytîmî
yokarda kún tutîlmasî
ateṣ halkasî yok
yaratîlgan viruslar
yaṣam úṣún okîlgan kayîrlî mantralar

journeying
on a late-running train
squirrels frisk near track

Covid-19
reading the astral transit
ceaseless lockdown
over-sanitized hands
playing 'Stairway to Heaven'

her painting
a Phryne on the wall—
fear of touch

a sensualist
searching the spiritual
shakes so many hands
blathers academic worth
offers pearls for the pigs

ğolṣîlîk
keṣe tírenínde
temír ğolîna yaklaṣkan karçîklar

Kovid-19
yîldîz geṣúwín okîp
heṣ pítmegen kírtleṣme
fazla tazartîlgan kollar
„Ğehennetke basamak" oyînî

Onîñ boyalî resímí
duwarda bír Fryne –
tiymek korkîsî

bír sezímğí
ruh ízlep
elleṣíp turar
akademik kîymetler toplap
domîzlarga inğí bere

house arrest:
full moon of April
a shadow stirs

ridicule
their exploring gaze
veiled women
with colours patterns
and seismic movement

on the bed
physical distancing—
end of sex?

voiceless friends
in aloneness of the room
unread books
human's unseen plenum
my sympathetic nerves

úy íṣínde tutîklangan:
báhár tolînayî
bír kóleke kîbîrday

mîskîllaganday
olarnîñ kîdîruwğî karayîṣî
yúzín órtken apakaylar
túrlí-túrlí renkler men
hem teprem kîymîldasî man

tóṣekte
beden uzaklaṣmasî –
súyíṣmesíñ soñî mî?

sessíz arkadaṣlar
odanîñ ğañgîzlîgînda
okîlmagan kitaplar
insannîñ kórínmegen toplantîsî
mením simpatik asaplarîm

pre-morning mushrooms
bloom on the pubes:
dreamy arousal

stands behind the door
in soothing nudity
a woman in hurry
her man lies on the stomach
burning to melt into her

Sunday's lunar light
shining into the deepest
my shadow self

self-renewing
greenness of the tree
blessed seed
every passing day
my limbs fade and fail

saba ombalarî
ṣáṣlerde ṣeṣek atar –
túṣ kóterílmesí

kapî artînda turar
tînîṣlî ṣîpalaklîkta
ağelelí bír apakay
karînnîñ ústínde koğasî uzangan
íṣíne írímek ğangan ateṣí men

Pazar kúníñ ay ğarîgî
ğîltîrar mením eñ deren
óz kólgemníñ íṣínde

óz-ózíníñ ğañartuwî
terekníñ yeṣíllígí
kayîrlî ṣekírdegí
her geṣken kún men
mením ayagîm-kolîm solîp píter

a drop of blood
her no to sex for months:
Lysistrata

soul's yearning
resounding roar in the sky
leo moon:
heal, fire passion
my dying cells vibrate

a hammer pounding
my still body in the dark tube:
MRI

with foreign sound
I couldn't be a lasting poem—
provisional body
nude smell and white distrust
play freedom in mounds of cloud

bír tamṣî kan
onîñ aylarğa súyíṣmekní kaytarmasî:
Lysistrata

ğan tílegí
kókte aygîragan tawuṣ
ay arslanda:
sawlîk tapmak, ateṣ hewesí
óliyatîrgan kózeneklerím tepreṣeler

ṣókíṣ wurîṣî
karañgî borî íṣínde hareketsíz tením:
MRI

yabanğî sesím men
men dayangan bír ṣiir bola-almadîm –
geṣúwğí ten
ṣîpalaklîk kokîsî man ak îṣanîlmazlîgî
azatlîk oyînî oynarlar bulut tepelerínde

dreamy waves
gentle energy—
new moon

astral sky
new cycle of quest
changed mindset
a better version of self
sublimation of love-life

perfume of wine—
remembering the bouquet
she gave me once

last few drops
left over of the last year
no new bottle
no bonfire on the terrace
lonely welcome to new year

túṣ dalgalarî
ğîmṣak enerğiyalar –
ğañîrgan ay

yîldîzlî kók
ğañî soraw dewerí
deñíṣken fikirler
ózníñ taa yaksî núskasî
muhabbet-hayatîñ uluwlaṣtîrîlmasî

ṣarap kokîsî –
o maga bír wakît bergen
ṣeṣek tobîñ akîlîma túṣíre

soñ bírkaṣ tamṣî
kalgan ozgan seneden
baṣka íṣe yok
tîṣta ğangan ot ta yok
ğañî yîlga ğañgîz koṣkeldí

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